



FIGHTING MEN *in* ACTION!



No 19  
SEPT.

# SPY-HUNTERS

AMERICA'S UNSUNG HEROES

*in DARING ACTION...DEADLY INTRIGUE...GLAMOROUS ROMANCE!*

10¢







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# THROW UP YOUR HANDS!

and CHEER for a  
ONCE - IN - A -  
LIFETIME  
COMICS MAGAZINE!

## THE HOODED HORSEMAN

---A SLAMBANG, THRILL-A-MINUTE WESTERN COMIC THAT TOPS THEM ALL!



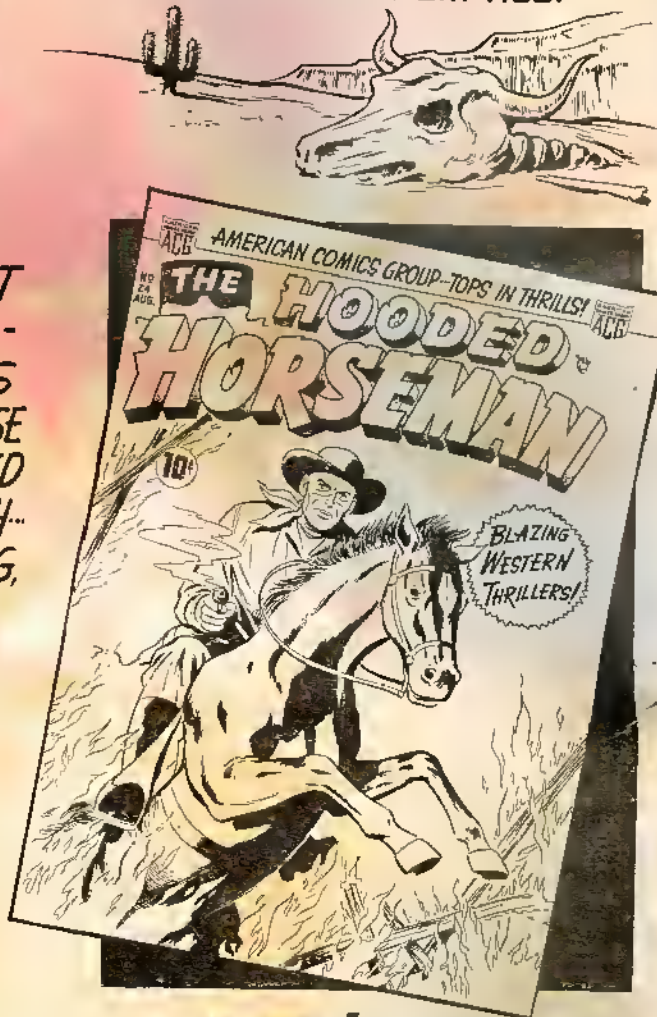
You'll GASP AT FAST-SHOOTING, RED-BLOODED GUNFIGHTERS THAT PACK A POWERHOUSE PUNCH...CHILL TO PAINTED INJUNS ON THE WARPATH...THRILL TO HARD-FIGHTING, FAST-RIDING COWBOY HEROES!

★ ★ ★

You've NEVER read a western like this... it's an action-packed killer-diller! So...

*don't miss*

## THE HOODED HORSEMAN!



10¢ ON ALL STANDS



# BUSTUP in BRAZIL



**AT FIRST, THERE WAS ONLY A CRYPTIC CLUE GASEPED BY A MURDERED SCIENTIST... "WITCHES' BROOM!" JUST TWO WORDS... BUT ONCE MITCH JACKSON HEARD THEM, THERE WERE KILLERS ON HIS TRAIL... AS PART OF A PLOT THAT SPREAD LIKE WILDFIRE THROUGH THE JUNGLES OF BRAZIL!**

**IN THE CITY ROOM OF THE "EVENING HERALD"...**

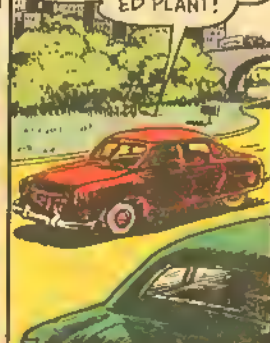
STEVE---I'M FED UP WITH COVERING SECOND-RATE CRIME STORIES! WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO THROW ME A REAL ASSIGNMENT?

I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A BREAK, MITCH! THE CENTURY PLANT UP AT THE BOTANICAL MUSEUM IS ABOUT TO BLOSSOM---AND I WANT YOU UP THERE RECORDING EVERY PHASE OF THE GREAT MOMENT!

**CENTURY PLANT!** MY GOSH, STEVE... SUPPOSE A BIG STORY BREAKS WHILE I'M GONE? THE MUSEUM'S WAY OUT AT THE TAIL END OF NOWHERE!

JUST TAKE YOUR TIME, PAL... BUT DON'T COME BACK EMPTY-HANDED! PEOPLE HAVE BEEN WAITING YEARS FOR THIS TO HAPPEN... WHAT BIGGER EVENT COULD YOU ASK FOR?

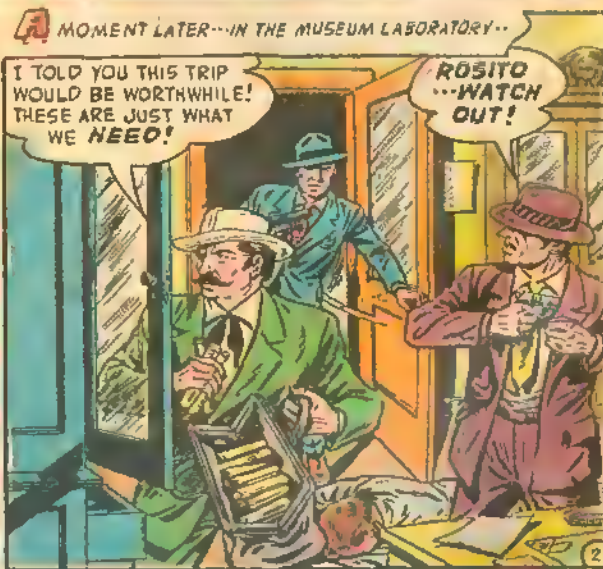
OKAY, I'M STUCK... BUT I'M NOT GOING TO BE IN ANY RUSH TO REACH THE MUSEUM! MIGHT AS WELL GET THERE JUST BEFORE CLOSING TIME... AND AVOID A CLUTTER OF WISECRACKERS WHILE I'M WATCHING THAT BLAST-ED PLANT!



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DON'T SLOW ME DOWN, MUGG  
...I WANT THIS STORY TO  
MAKE THE LATE  
EDITION!



DOG! YOU'RE GOING  
TO LEARN WHAT IT  
MEANS TO AROUSE  
ME... ROSITO!

OOPS!



BEFORE MITCH CAN RAISE HIS GUN...  
GET HIM... QUICK!  
HA! WHAT IS  
ONE AMERICAN  
...WHEN I AM  
FEARED BY THOUS-  
ANDS OF MY COUN-  
TRYMEN?

POW!

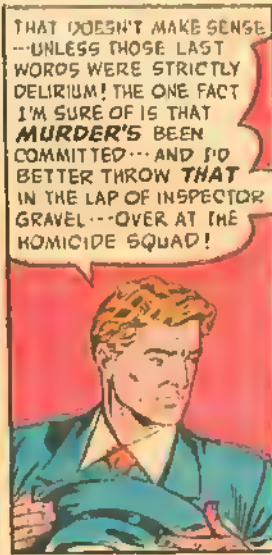


MOMENT...  
LATER...  
BLAZES...IT'S A SURE BET I CAN'T  
STOP THEM **NOW!** WHAT A STORY  
I'D HAVE...CHARACTERS WITH A  
LATIN AMERICAN ACCENT SHOOTING  
UP THE MUSEUM LABORATORY  
CHIEF... IF I KNEW THE  
REASON!



HE'S TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING  
...BUT I'M AFRAID HE'S TOO FAR  
GONE TO DO MUCH  
EXPLAINING!

I TRIED TO  
KEEP THEM  
...FROM  
GETTING...  
THE WITCHES'-  
BROOM!



THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE  
...UNLESS THOSE LAST  
WORDS WERE STRICTLY  
DELIRIUM! THE ONE FACT  
I'M SURE OF IS THAT  
**MURDER'S** BEEN  
COMMITTED...AND I'D  
BETTER THROW THAT  
IN THE LAP OF INSPECTOR  
GRAVEL...OVER AT THE  
HOMICIDE SQUAD!



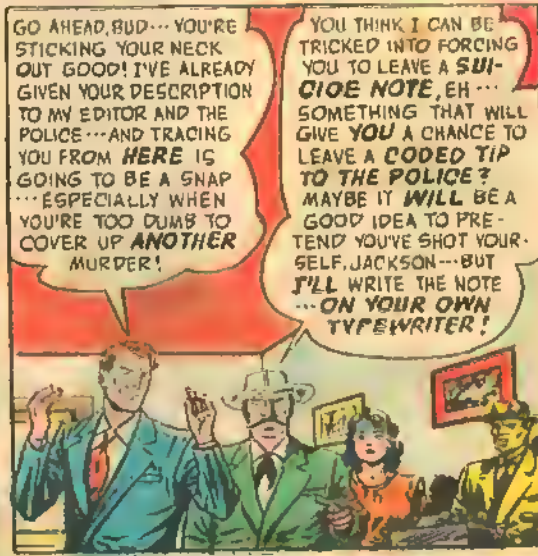
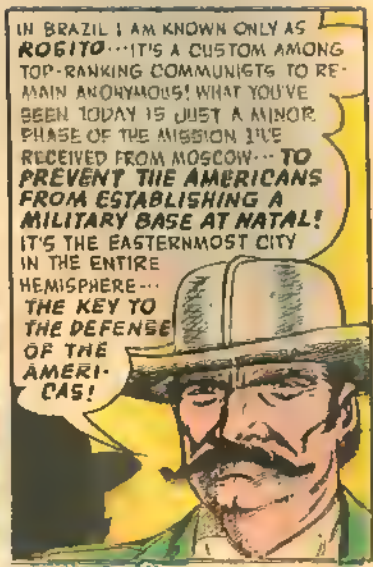
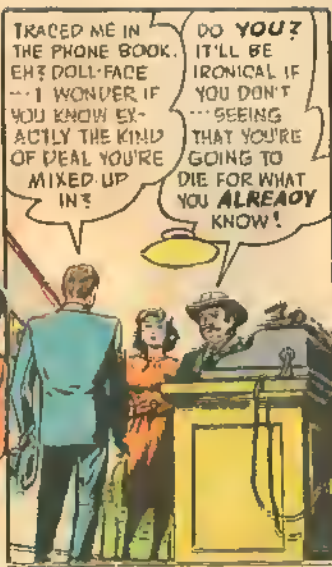
LOOK, INSPECTOR...PROMISE YOU WON'T BREAK  
THIS STORY TO THE OTHER PAPERS UNTIL I CAN  
FOLLOW THROUGH! THE TIUP HERE IS **INTER-  
NATIONAL**...AND I THINK I'VE GOT A CLUE  
I CAN PASS ON TO YOU LATER!



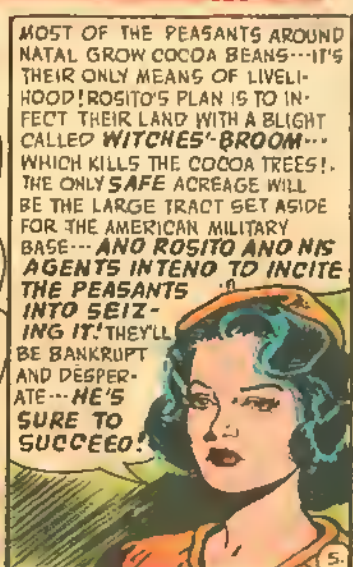
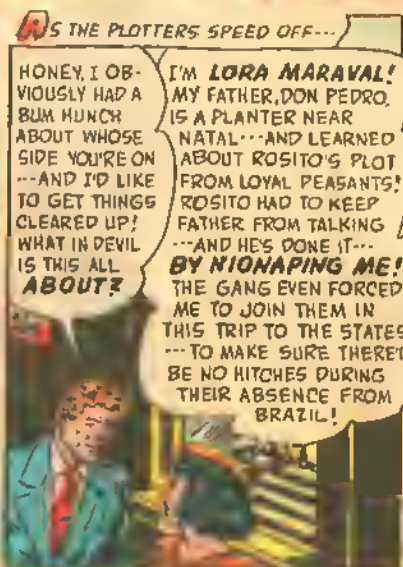
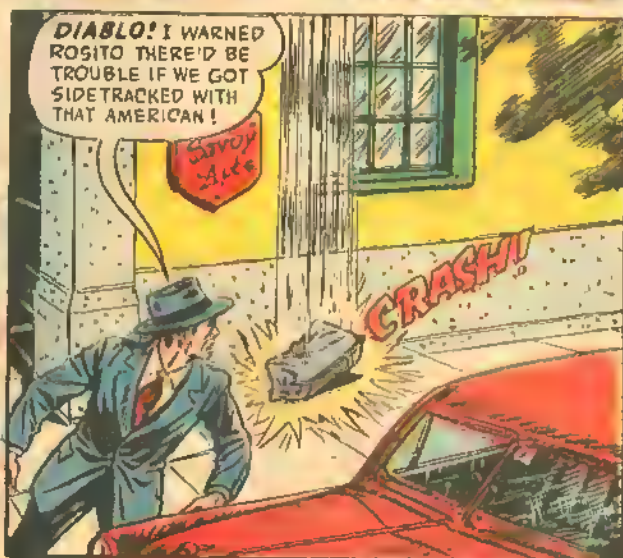
SOON AFTERWARD...

YEP...**WITCHES'-BROOM** MUST MEAN  
**SOMETHING!** GOOD THING I'VE GOT A  
SET OF ENCYCLOPEDIAS HERE AT HOME  
...BECAUSE STEVE WOULD RAISE A HOWL  
ABOUT THAT CENTURY PLANT STORY IF I SHOW-  
ED MY FACE AT THE  
**'HERALD!'**













AND WHEN **THAT** HAPPENS... OUR PLANS FOR THE MOST VITAL DEFENSE SETUP IN LATIN AMERICA WILL GO DOWN THE DRAIN! BUT ABOUT THOSE WITCHES-BROOM... HOW COME ROSITO RISKED COMING **HERE** TO GET IT?

BECAUSE OUR COCOA TREES ARE **IMMUNE** TO THE **BRAZILIAN** FORM OF THE DISEASE! ROSITO HAD TO FIND A **NEW STRAIN**... AND HE KNEW THAT **DOZENS** OF THEM HAD BEEN DEVELOPED AT THE BOTANICAL MUSEUM FOR EXPERIMENTAL PURPOSES!



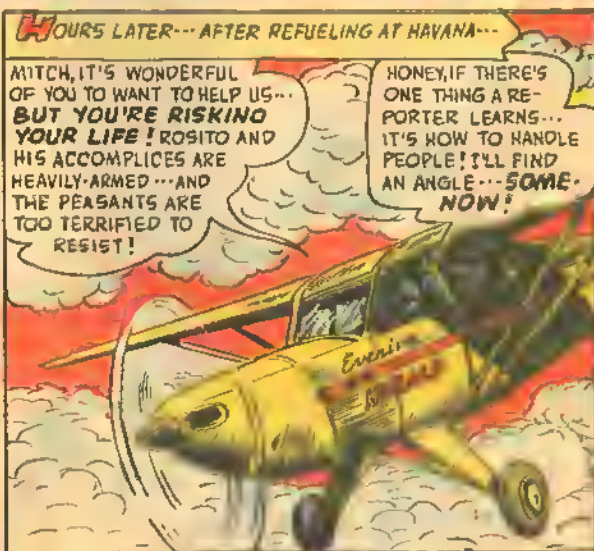
ROSITO CAN GO AHEAD WITH HIS PLOT NOW... AND THAT'S NOT ALL! HE'LL BE VENGEFUL ABOUT MY ESCAPE... AND FATHER'S DUE FOR A TERRIBLE REPRISAL AS SOON AS THE GANG RETURNS TO BRAZIL!

IN THAT CASE, HONEY... **WE'D BETTER GET THERE FIRST!** IN FACT... I'D A HEAP RATHER FACE ROSITO AT THIS POINT THAN MY BOSS!



**MITCH?** WHERE IN SAM HILL ARE YOU? DO YOU REALIZE I'VE BEEN HOLDING SPACE ON PAGE ONE FOR THAT CENTURY PLANT STORY?

THAT'S JUST THE SPOT FOR A **MURDER ANGLE**, STEVE... GET IN TOUCH WITH INSPECTOR GRAVEL FOR THE DETAILS! AND BY THE WAY, PAL... I'M BORROWING THE "**HERALD**" PLANE... **FOR A BUSINESS TRIP!**



**HOURS LATER... AFTER REFUELING AT HAVANA...**

MITCH, IT'S WONDERFUL OF YOU TO WANT TO HELP US... **BUT YOU'RE RISKING YOUR LIFE!** ROSITO AND HIS ACCOMPLICES ARE HEAVILY ARMED... AND THE PEASANTS ARE TOO TERRIFIED TO RESIST!

HONEY, IF THERE'S ONE THING A REPORTER LEARNS... IT'S HOW TO HANDLE PEOPLE! I'LL FIND AN ANGLE... **SOME- NOW!**



**NEXT DAY... OUTSIDE A LARGE PLANTATION NEAR NATAL...**

DON PEDRO... GET TO SAFETY INSIDE THE HOUSE! THAT IS A PRIVATE PLANE... AND IT MAY BE ROSITO'S!

HEAVEN GRANT THAT IT IS! I WILL GIVE THAT DOG A CHOICE BETWEEN TAKING ME TO LORA... OR **DEATH!**



**FATHER!**

**SHE HAS RETURNED, DON PEDRO! YOUR DAUGHTER IS SAFE!**



MITCH JACKSON CAME CLOSE TO UPSETTING ROSITO'S PLANS ALTOGETHER, FATHER... BUT I'LL LET HIM TELL YOU THE REST!

A MARAVAL NEVER FORGETS A FRIEND! ASK WHAT YOU WILL... **YOU CAN COUNT ON ME!**



**MINUTES LATER... AS MITCH UNFOLDS HIS STRATEGY...**

YOU SAY ROSITO'S REGULAR LANDING FIELD IS TWENTY KILOMETERS FROM HERE... **MEANING WE CAN STILL INTERCEPT HIS PLANE!** LET THE PEASANTS KEEP HIDDEN IF THEY'RE AFRAID... BUT I WANT THEM ON THE SPOT TO SEE WHAT'S IN THAT BAG... **AFTER YOU AND I JUMP THOSE NO-GOODS!**

I KNEW I COULD COUNT ON AN AMERICAN... FOR THE FIRST GOOD FIGHT I'VE HAD IN YEARS! WE'LL TAKE TWO TRUCKS... AND PICK UP EVERY PEASANT THEY CAN HOLD ALONG THE WAY!



**MOON AFTERWARD...**

NEVER BEFORE HAS ANYONE DARED OPPOSE ROSITO! I WILL SAY THIS MUCH FOR DON PEDRO AND THE AMERICAN... THEY ARE **MEN!**

TRUE... BUT WHAT OF ROSITO'S PROMISES? DOES HE NOT PLEDGE WE WILL ALL BE PROSPEROUS... IF WE JOIN HIS CAUSE?



**A MOMENT LATER...**



**DON PEDRO!**



**YEP... AND GUESS WHO ELSE!**

**BANG!**



FOLLOWED US, EH? BRAZIL IS A BIG COUNTRY, JACKSON... WITH FLENTY OF LAND TO BURY YOU IN!

**BANG!**



BRAZIL ALSO KNOWS HOW TO BURY TRAITORS, DOG!

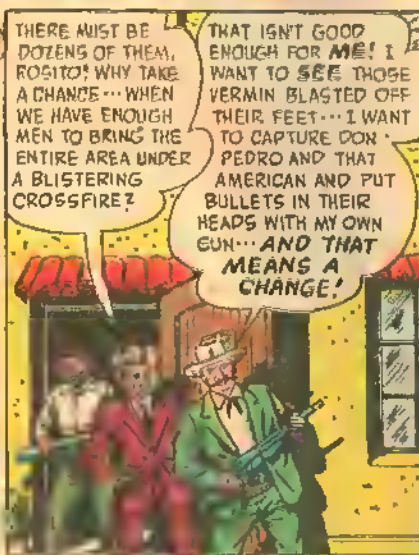
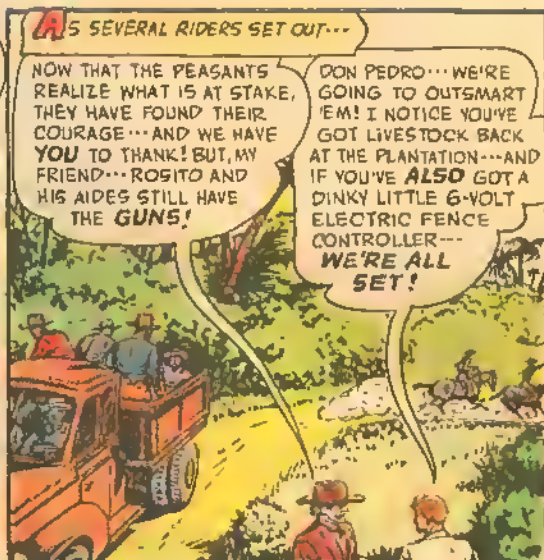
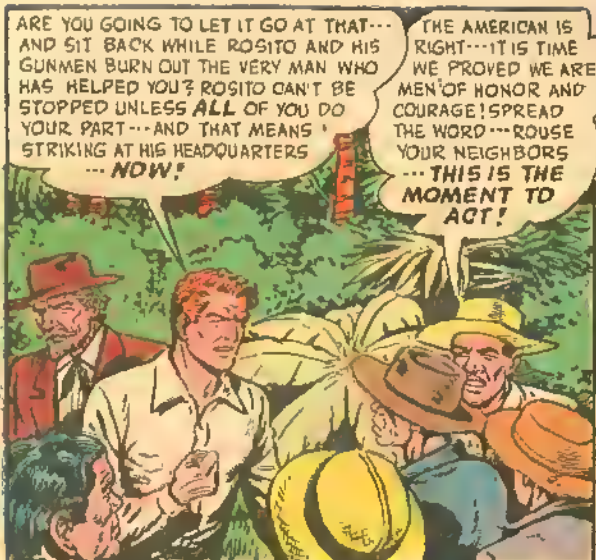
COME ON... NEVER MIND THE SUITCASE! WE'LL RECOVER IT LATER... WHEN I'VE ASSEMBLED ENOUGH MEN TO BURN THAT OLD FOOL'S PLANTATION TO THE GROUND!

THIS IS WHAT ROSITO COMMITTED MURDER FOR IN THE UNITED STATES... **WITCHES' BROOM!** HE PLANNED TO WIPE OUT YOUR COCOA TREES... THE HERITAGE YOU RECEIVED FROM YOUR FATHERS... THE ONLY WEALTH YOU CAN PASS ON TO YOUR SONS! YOU WOULD BE REDUCED TO RAGS... SO THAT COMMUNISM COULD WIN A STEALTHY VICTORY OVER FREEDOM!

YOU AND YOUR AMERICAN FRIEND HAVE SAVED OUR PLANTATIONS, DON PEDRO! BUT OUR LIVES WILL STILL BE THREATENED... IF WE **TURN AGAINST ROSITO!**









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# END *of the* TRAIL

**A**LTHOUGH HE HAD been on the same assignment for four years, Special Agent Dick Taylor had never for a moment been bored. Nor, in all that time, had he ever caught even a glimpse of the man he had been given orders to track down at any cost: Gunther Friedrich, who had been one of the six highest figures in the Nazi Espionage Service. The others had been rounded up quickly after the war, but Friedrich had time and again eluded the nationwide dragnet. Several times he had been apparently trapped; somehow, when the trap was sprung, the prey had fled. But the U.S. Government never gave up the chase.

Dick Taylor had read the voluminous files of information on Friedrich, had spoken to dozens of the man's ex-friends, had visited his birthplace, his early haunts, had spoken to members of his family, visited old girl friends; in short, he had studied Friedrich's habits so thoroughly that he sometimes thought he knew more about him than he knew about himself. And Friedrich had turned out to be a fascinating character, a man of many and varied talents, with a brilliantly swift and calculating mind, utterly ruthless and daring in his dealings with other human beings.

At times Taylor despaired of ever bringing his man to justice. He had chased him all over Germany, following leads, tips, rumors, hunches...anything! Two years before, he had actually cornered Friedrich in a small hotel, only to find nothing but the signs of a hasty departure when he broke into his room. A year before, the trail had led out of Germany, across the face of Europe, over the Alps and into Switzerland, down Italy, across the Mediterranean and into Africa, all the way south to Johannesburg, and then back up over the vast continent to arrive again in Europe.

Dick Taylor often wondered whether he was chasing a phantom or a flesh and blood human. The hunt had long since become a passion with him; he felt now that he HAD to land Friedrich...or lose his self-respect

and professional standing! He knew better than anyone that for four years he, one of America's ace operatives, had been made to look like a fool.

Three days before, the trail had suddenly blazed. An anonymous tip had led to a Munich hotel in Dorfstrasse Street, which Taylor had put under personal surveillance. And finally...

Yes, Friedrich's disguise was marvelous, but Taylor knew his habits too well. He had studied too closely his mannerisms, the way he carried his head and shoulders...everything! The man he had seen slouch swiftly into the hotel towards midnight WAS Friedrich. No doubt about it!

It was hard restraining himself from trying to make an immediate arrest. No, that might be disastrous, for who knew what tricks Friedrich was capable of? Better to do things in orderly fashion, so that there would be no possibility of escape. By the next morning everything was ready; the hotel was surrounded. Taylor smiled as he held his pistol and placed his fist over the doorknob leading to Friedrich's room. "In just 30 seconds," he thought, "four years of effort will be rewarded!"

He blasted the door open with a vicious kick and leaped forward, but suddenly...he stopped, cold! For there, lying awkwardly on the bed, was the body of Gunther Friedrich, stiff with death...and in his hand was a neatly written note. Taylor pounced on it.

"Dear Mr. Taylor," it said, "I have given up interest in the chase. For four years you have dogged my footsteps, interrupted my sleep, given me no peace. I suppose I could keep a jump ahead of you for the next twenty years, but it's hardly worth it. And so, I am taking the easy way out. You win!"

Taylor shook his head sadly. "No," he said aloud, looking at the corpse, "I haven't really won! Because what I wanted more than anything else was the satisfaction of bringing you in alive!"



# SLY SPIES

**I**N THE 4TH CENTURY B.C., LEONIDAS, KING OF SPARTA, LED AN INVASION ARMY AGAINST A PERSIAN WALLED CITY ATOP A DENSELY WOODED HILL...AND THE HILL ITSELF WAS DOTTED WITH HEAVILY-DEFENDED VILLAGES SET IN WOODS! HOW WOULD YOU HAVE GONE ABOUT CAPTURING THE ENTIRE HILL, READER?

## HERE'S WHAT LEONIDAS DID!

YOU ARE MY MOST TRUSTED SPIES! I WANT EACH OF YOU TO GO INTO THE WOODS AND SPY OUT SITES AS CLOSE AS POSSIBLE TO THE VILLAGES ON THE HILL...AND THEN...



**T**HAT NIGHT, THE PERSIAN SENTRIES ON THE RAMPARTS OF THE WALLED CITY SENT WORD THAT THE VILLAGE CLOSEST TO THE FOOT OF THE HILL AND NEAREST TO THE ENEMY SEEMED TO BE AFIRE...AND SOON AFTERWARDS, A FEW MORE FIRES BROKE OUT, EACH ONE APPARENTLY FURTHER UP THE HILL...

THE SPARTANS MUST BE ON THE MARCH!



YES...THEY ALREADY SEEM TO HAVE SACKED AND BURNED THREE OF OUR VILLAGES!

**B**UT IN THE SUPPOSEDLY "BURNING" VILLAGES...

THE SPARTAN FOOLS...DO THEY THINK THEY CAN SMOKE US OUT BY LIGHTING LARGE FIRES NEAR OUR VILLAGES?



**B**UT UNDER COVER OF THE HEAVY SMOKE SCREEN WHICH THE SPARTAN SPIES HAD PRODUCED BY SETTING THE WOODS AFIRE...

THE PERSIAN FOOLS...IT IS CHILD'S PLAY TO SNEAK PAST THEIR VILLAGES WHILE THEY ARE DISTRACTED BY THE FIRES!



**A**LL THROUGH THE NIGHT, THE WORRIED PERSIAN CHIEFTAINS LOOKED DOWN AT THE STEADILY-INCREASING NUMBER OF FIRES BELOW THEM...

EACH FIKE IS JUST ABOUT WHERE ONE OF OUR STRONGLY-DEFENDED TOWNS IS LOCATED! THE SPARTANS MUST BE OVERCOMING OUR HILL VILLAGES ONE BY ONE BEFORE PUTTING THEM TO THE TORCH!

YES...AND EACH FIRE SEEMS TO BE FURTHER UP THE HILL...CLOSER TO US!





**FINALLY, TOWARD DAWN...**

COMMANDER...FIVE GREAT FIRES  
HAVE JUST BROKEN OUT AT  
THE VERY EDGE OF THE FOREST  
...JUST BELOW OUR CITY!

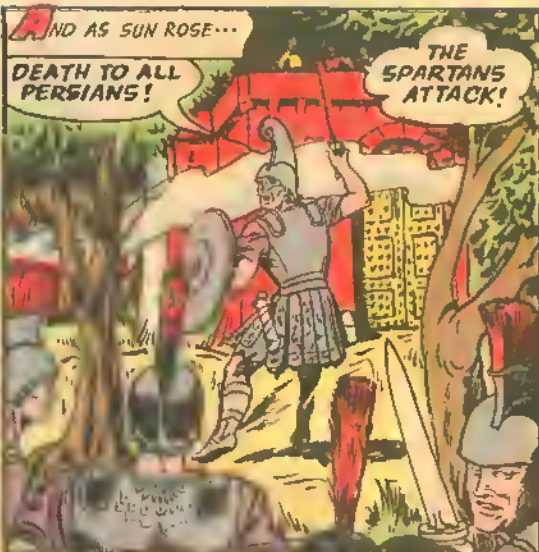
IT...IT CAN ONLY MEAN  
ONE THING...THE SPAR-  
TANS MUST HAVE SWEEPED  
THROUGH THE WOODS  
WITH SUCH AN OVER-  
WHELMING FORCE DURING  
THE NIGHT THAT THEY DESTROYED OUR  
ENTIRE ARMY ON THE  
SLOPES OF THE HILL!



**AND AS SUN ROSE...**

**DEATH TO ALL  
PERSIANS!**

**THE  
SPARTANS  
ATTACK!**



COMMANDER...IF THE SPARTANS  
CONQUERED OUR ARMY ON THE  
HILL IN ONE SINGLE NIGHT, IT  
WOULD BE SUICIDE FOR US  
TO TRY TO STOP THEM!

YOU...YOU ARE  
RIGHT! **SOUND  
THE RETREAT...  
ABANDON THE  
CITY!**



**THUS, WITH  
SCARCELY THE  
LOSS OF A  
MAN, LEONIDAS  
CAPTURED THE  
WALLED CITY  
AND SENT THE  
PANIC-STRICKEN  
PERSIANS FLEEING  
DOWN THE  
OTHER SIDE  
OF THE  
HILL!**



**THEN, AS  
THE SPARTANS  
STROOED DOWN  
FROM THE WALL-  
ED CITY, WHICH  
THE PERSIANS  
FELOW HAD  
THOUGHT WAS  
OCCUPIED BY  
THEIR MAIN  
ARMY...**

THE SPARTANS HAVE  
CONQUERED THE CITY  
...AND OUR MAIN  
ARMY!

WHAT CHANCE  
IS THERE FOR  
OUR SMALLER  
NUMBERS? LET  
US SURRENDER  
...BEFORE WE  
ARE ANNIHILATED!



**WITH THE  
PERSIANS UTTERLY  
DEFEATED, LEONIDAS  
BESTOWED A  
CHEST OF GOLD AND  
JEWELS UPON  
EACH OF HIS  
ARGONIST-  
SPIES, WHO  
HAD ACCOMPLISHED  
WHAT AN  
ENTIRE ARMY  
WOULD HAVE  
FAILED TO DO!**

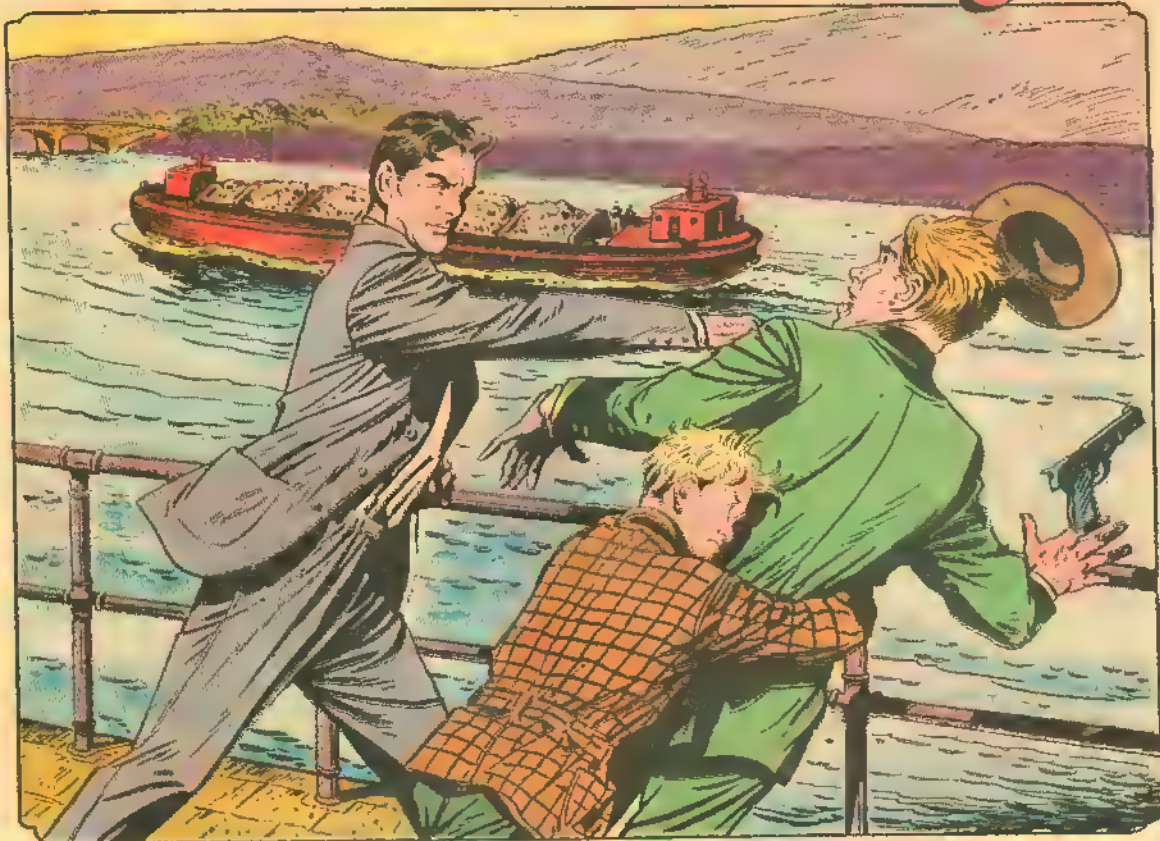


THE END



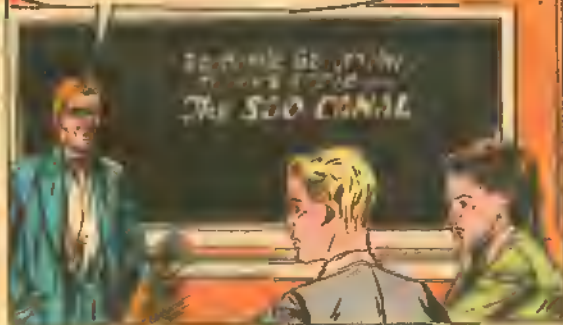
**S**ABOTAGE is one of the greatest menaces that threaten America's security-- and it's every citizen's duty to be constantly vigilant! For no one knows where spies and saboteurs are planning to strike next, and **YOU** may be called upon to prevent a catastrophe --- just as Bobby Smith was in

# Soo Canal Sabotage!



**THE SCENE: A HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM IN SAULT SAINT MARIE, MICHIGAN...**

I WONDER HOW MANY OF YOU REALIZE THAT YOUR OWN CITY CONTAINS THE MOST IMPORTANT MILE IN AMERICA AND THE GREATEST SHIP HIGHWAY IN THE WORLD -- A CANAL WHOSE ANNUAL SHIP TONNAGE IS GREATER THAN THAT OF THE COMBINED TRAFFIC OF THE PANAMA, SUEZ AND KIEL CANALS!



YES, THE SOO CANAL SYSTEM, WHICH CONNECTS LAKE SUPERIOR WITH LAKE HURON, IS THE LIFELINE OF AMERICAN HEAVY INDUSTRY -- FOR IT CARRIES OVER 90% OF UNITED STATES IRON ORE FROM THE MINES TO THE DEFENSE PLANTS AND FACTORIES OF THE MIDWEST AND EAST!

GOLLY, IF THE SOO CANAL IS *THAT* IMPORTANT, I'LL BET THERE ARE PLENTY OF ENEMY SPIES WHO WOULD LIKE TO SEE IT DESTROYED!





SAY, GUYS, HOW ABOUT US ORGANIZING A SORT OF JUNIOR ESPIONAGE CORPS TO PREVENT THE SUEZ CANAL FROM BEING SABOTAGED?

AW, YOU'VE BEEN READING TOO MANY SPY STORIES, BOBBY!

YEAH, YOU'D BE SCARED STIFF IF YOU EVER OUD MEET WITH A REAL SABOTEUR!

IF I WERE A SPY, I'D WANT AMERICANS NOT TO WORRY TOO MUCH ABOUT THE SAFETY OF THE CANAL! WAIT --- I'VE GOT AN IDEA! IN THE SPY STORIES I'VE READ, THE HERO SOMETIMES TRIES TO PREDICT A SPY'S MOVES BY SAYING, "NOW, IF I WERE A SPY, WHAT WOULD MY NEXT MOVE BE?" WELL, IF I WERE A SPY, I'D PROBABLY BE SKULKING AROUND THE CANAL RIGHT NOW --- SO THAT'S WHERE I'M HEADING!

SOON AFTERWARD...

NOW, LET'S SEE --- IF I WERE A SPY, HOW WOULD I GO ABOUT SABOTAGING THE CANAL? WELL, I MIGHT TRY THROWING A TIME BOMB INTO THE WATER---

HEY --- THAT DECK-HAND IS THROWING SOMETHING INTO THE CANAL --- AND IT COULD BE A BOMB!

GRAB THAT SAILOR, SOMEONE --- GRAB HIM!

BETTER SEIZE THAT BOY, KETAN --- BEFORE SOMEONE STARTS PAYING ATTENTION TO HIM!

HEY --- WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME!

GET INTO THAT CAR, YOU LITTLE BRAT -- OR ELSE!





STOP ---  
LEGGO!

HERE, HERE --  
WHAT SEEMS  
TO BE THE  
TROUBLE?

IT'S MY SON,  
OFFICER --- HE'S  
JUST BACK FROM  
REFORM SCHOOL ---  
AND THE FIRST  
THING HE DID WAS  
STEAL MONEY FROM  
ME AND TRY TO  
RUN AWAY!



I AM  
NOT...  
OWWW!

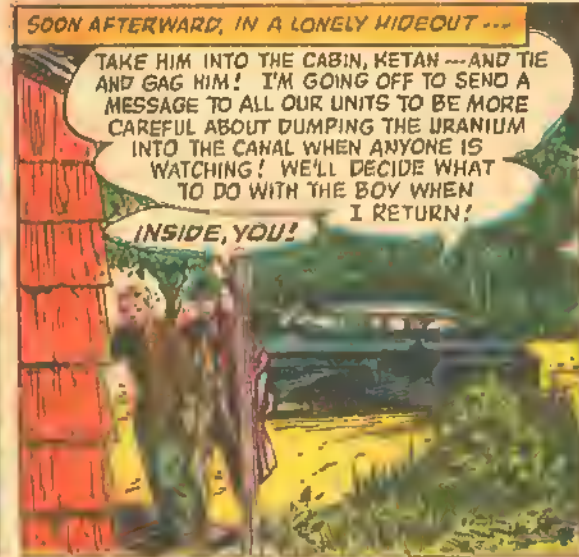
NOT ANOTHER WORD  
FROM YOU, YOU  
LYING BRAT!  
JUST WAIT  
TILL I GET  
YOU HOME!

GO ALONG WITH  
YOUR FATHER,  
SON, BEFORE  
I GIVE HIM  
A HAND!



IF HE MAKES ONE  
OUTCRY, KETAN,  
SILENCE HIM  
FOR GOOD!

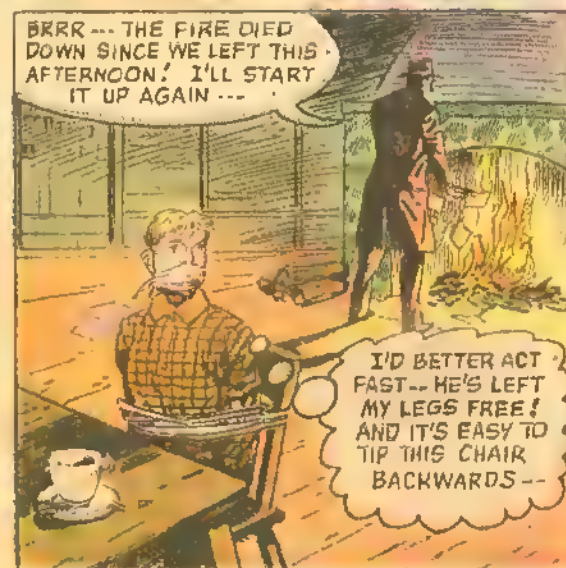
DON'T WORRY, TARNOD ---  
HE'S TOO DAZED FROM  
THAT BLOW!



SOON AFTERWARD, IN A LONELY HIDEOUT ---

TAKE HIM INTO THE CABIN, KETAN --- AND TIE  
AND GAG HIM! I'M GOING OFF TO SEND A  
MESSAGE TO ALL OUR UNITS TO BE MORE  
CAREFUL ABOUT DUMPING THE URANIUM  
INTO THE CANAL WHEN ANYONE IS  
WATCHING! WE'LL DECIDE WHAT  
TO DO WITH THE BOY WHEN  
I RETURN!

INSIDE, YOU!



BRRR --- THE FIRE DIED  
DOWN SINCE WE LEFT THIS  
AFTERNOON! I'LL START  
IT UP AGAIN ---

I'D BETTER ACT  
FAST --- HE'S LEFT  
MY LEGS FREE!  
AND IT'S EASY TO  
TIP THIS CHAIR  
BACKWARDS ---

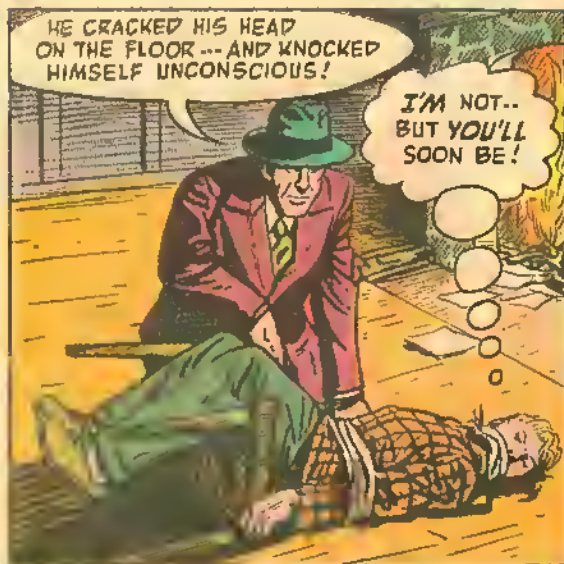


OHHHHH!

WHAT THE ---

CRASH!



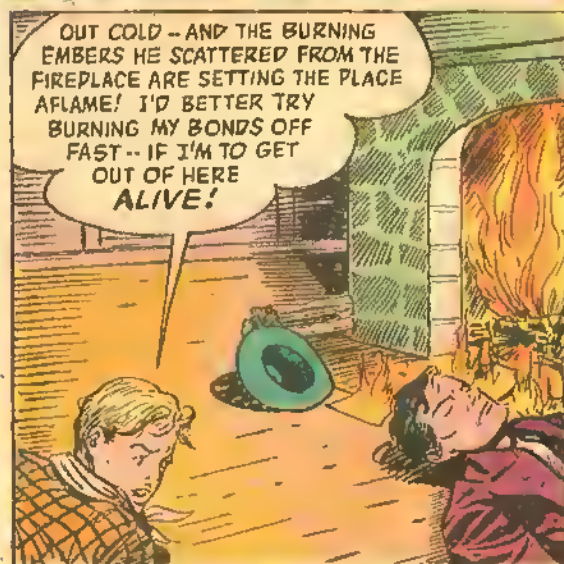


HE CRACKED HIS HEAD  
ON THE FLOOR --- AND KNOCKED  
HIMSELF UNCONSCIOUS!

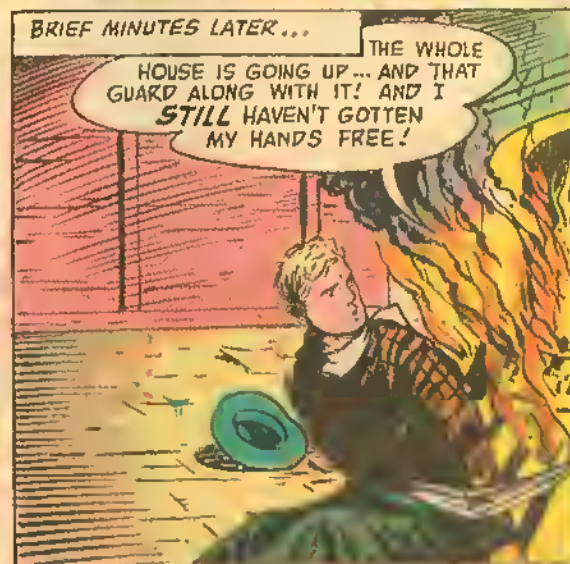
I'M NOT..  
BUT YOU'LL  
SOON BE!



BLAM!



OUT COLD -- AND THE BURNING  
EMBERS HE SCATTERED FROM THE  
FIREPLACE ARE SETTING THE PLACE  
AFIRE! I'D BETTER TRY  
BURNING MY BONDS OFF  
FAST -- IF I'M TO GET  
OUT OF HERE  
ALIVE!

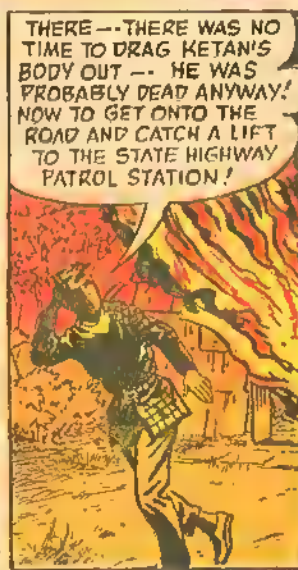


BRIEF MINUTES LATER...

THE WHOLE  
HOUSE IS GOING UP... AND THAT  
GUARD ALONG WITH IT! AND I  
**STILL** HAVEN'T GOTTEN  
MY HANDS FREE!



THERE!  
MADE IT!



THERE -- THERE WAS NO  
TIME TO DRAG KETAN'S  
BODY OUT -- HE WAS  
PROBABLY DEAD ANYWAY!  
NOW TO GET ONTO THE  
ROAD AND CATCH A LIFT  
TO THE STATE HIGHWAY  
PATROL STATION!



HALF AN HOUR LATER...

AND... AND THEN  
I MANAGED TO  
STAGGER OUT  
OF THE BURNING  
CABIN ... AND A  
TRUCK DRIVER  
GAVE ME A  
LIFT HERE!

HMM, YOU SAY THAT  
MAN CALLED TARNOD  
MENTIONED SOMETHING ABOUT  
URANIUM, EH? THIS SOUNDS  
LIKE A FEDERAL CASE! RED.  
CALL UP THE F.B.I. OFFICE  
AND HAVE THEM SEND A MAN  
HERE RIGHT AWAY!



AM NO LATER, AFTER BOBBY REPEATS HIS STORY TO A FEDERAL AGENT...

AND YOU THINK THOSE MEN ARE SPIES OR SABOTEURS, EH, BOBBY? WELL, WE HAVE BEEN SHIPPING CRUDE URANIUM ORE THROUGH THE SGO CANAL TO THE REFINING PLANTS --- BUT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY ANY SABOTEUR WOULD WANT TO THROW CHUNKS OF IT INTO THE CANAL! IN ITS UNREFINED STATE, IT

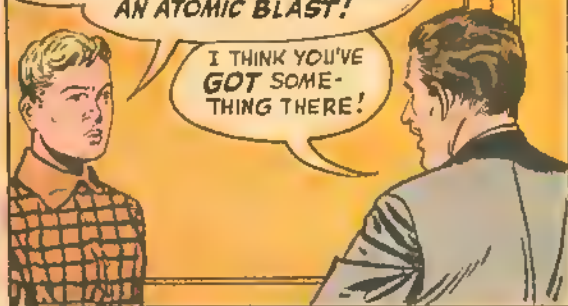
SHOULDN'T CAUSE ANY TROUBLE!

WAIT -- I THINK I KNOW WHAT I'D DO IF I WERE A SPY!



IN OUR CHEM CLASS, WE WERE TAUGHT THAT ATOMIC EXPLOSION CAN'T TAKE PLACE UNTIL THE URANIUM REACHES A CERTAIN SIZE CALLED THE "CRITICAL MASS"! IF I WERE A SPY, I'D SMUGGLE **PURE** URANIUM ONTO THOSE ORE BARGES AND TOSS A LITTLE OF IT OVERBOARD EACH TIME THE BARGE PASSED A CERTAIN SPOT IN THE CANAL! THE CRITICAL MASS COULD BE MORE EASILY REACHED **THAT WAY** -- AND THE WHOLE CANAL **WRECKED BY AN ATOMIC BLAST!**

I THINK YOU'VE GOT SOME-THING THERE!



THERE'S NO BARGE TRAFFIC SCHEDULED FOR TONIGHT --- SO YOU'RE COMING WITH US ON A LITTLE **FISHING TRIP!** WE'LL GET A POLICE DREDGING LAUNCH, AND YOU'LL SHOW US JUST WHERE YOU SAW THAT DECK-HAND THROW SOMETHING OVERBOARD!



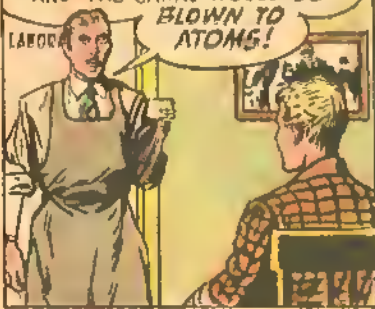
THAT NIGHT, ON THE SGO CANAL...

WHATEVER IT IS THEY'RE DRAGGING UP FROM THIS SPOT, BOBBY, IT'S CERTAINLY MAKING THIS GEIGER COUNTER SHAKE ITS BOLTS! AS SOON AS WE'VE GOT IT ABOARD, WE'LL RUSH IT TO OUR LAB FOR ANALYSIS!



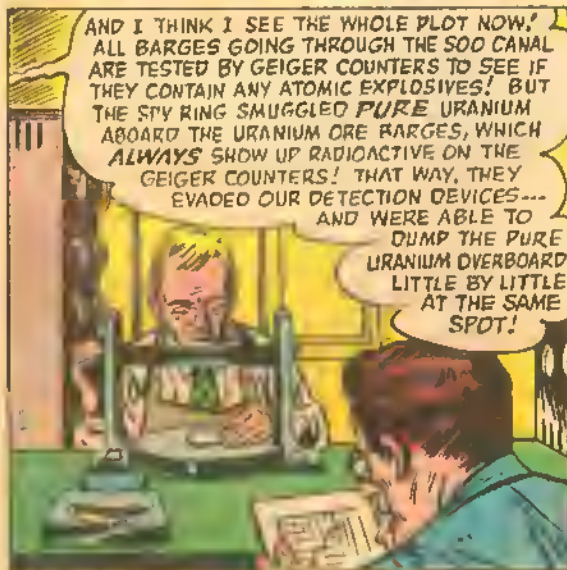
TOWARD DAWN, IN F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS...

WELL, WE FOUND OUT WHAT THAT CHUNK OF METAL WAS THAT WE FISHED OUT OF THE CANAL, BOBBY -- **PURE URANIUM!** IF ENOUGH OF IT WAS DUMPED IN THE SAME SPOT, THE CRITICAL MASS WOULD SOON BE REACHED -- AND THE CANAL WOULD BE **BLOWN TO ATOMS!**



AND I THINK I SEE THE WHOLE PLOT NOW! ALL BARGES GOING THROUGH THE SGO CANAL ARE TESTED BY GEIGER COUNTERS TO SEE IF THEY CONTAIN ANY ATOMIC EXPLOSIVES! BUT THE SPY RING SMUGGLED **PURE** URANIUM ABOARD THE URANIUM ORE BARGES, WHICH ALWAYS SHOW UP RADIOACTIVE ON THE GEIGER COUNTERS! THAT WAY, THEY EVADED OUR DETECTION DEVICES ---

AND WERE ABLE TO DUMP THE **PURE** URANIUM OVERBOARD LITTLE BY LITTLE AT THE SAME SPOT!



DREDGING UP SOME OF THAT URANIUM MEANS THAT WE DON'T HAVE TO BE AFRAID OF THE CRITICAL MASS BEING REACHED SOON --- SO NOW WE CAN CONCENTRATE ON CATCHING THE **LEADER** OF THE GANG! WE'RE GOING TO SEND OUT RADIO AND NEWSPAPER FLASHES SAYING THAT TWO BODIES BURNED BEYOND RECOGNITION WERE FOUND IN THAT SHACK YOU ESCAPED FROM --- SO WHEN TARNOD HEARS OF IT, HE'LL THINK HIS SECRET IS STILL SAFE! HE'LL SHOW UP SOONER OR LATER TO CHECK ON THE NEXT URANIUM DUMPING -- AND YOU'LL BE THERE **AS BAIT!**

I... I KNOW I'LL BE SCARED --- BUT I'LL DO IT!





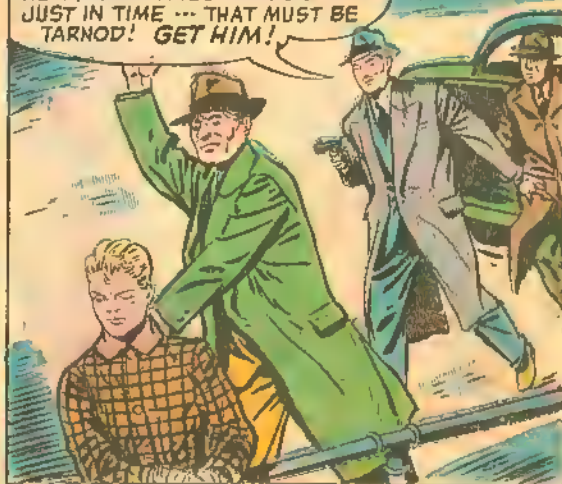
**NEXT DAY...**

WHA ---- THAT LOOKS LIKE THE SAME KID --- HE **DIDN'T** DIE IN THE FIRE! AND HE'S STANDING AT THE SAME PLACE, WATCHING THE SPOT WHERE THE URANIUM IS THROWN OVERBOARD! I MUST SILENCE HIM **NOW** --- BEFORE HE RAISES ANOTHER OUTCRY!



**MOMENTS LATER...**

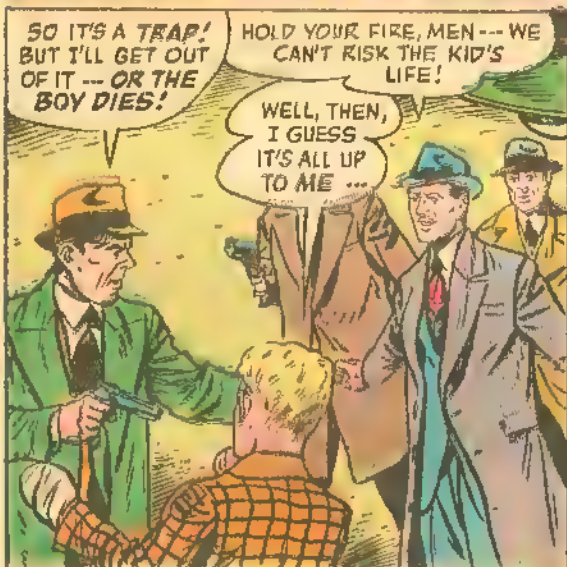
WE CIRCLED AROUND THE BLOCK JUST IN TIME --- THAT MUST BE TARNOD! **GET HIM!**



SO IT'S A TRAP! BUT I'LL GET OUT OF IT --- OR THE BOY DIES!

HOLD YOUR FIRE, MEN --- WE CAN'T RISK THE KID'S LIFE!

WELL, THEN, I GUESS IT'S ALL UP TO ME ...



**OWWW!**

--- AND THIS LITTLE DERRINGER I'VE GOT CONCEALED IN MY BANDAGES!

**BANG!**



NICE WORK, BOBBY --- AND NOW I'LL PUT THIS RAT ON ICE!

**BLAM!**



THE CASE IS AS GOOD AS SEWED UP, BOBBY! WE'LL SMASH THE REST OF THE SPY RING AS SOON AS WE MAKE TARNOD TALK AND REVEAL WHO HIS CONFEDERATES ARE! AND AS FOR YOU! --- WELL, I'M SURE YOU'LL MAKE A TERRIFIC F.B.I. MAN WHEN YOU GROW UP --- THAT IS, IF YOU WANT TO BE ONE!

**DO IT! WOW!**



**THE END**



# SPY HUNTER HEROES

COUNTER ESPIONAGE  
AGENT R493



AS A MEMBER OF THE U.S. COUNTER-ESPIONAGE CORPS, I'M NOT ALLOWED TO GIVE YOU MY **REAL NAME**... BUT THE UNDERCOVER NAME I USED IN MY LAST CASE WAS **CHARLES DAWSON**. MY ASSIGNMENT WAS TO TEAM UP WITH ONE OF THE INTERIOR DEPARTMENT'S NEWEST GEOLOGISTS, A CHAP NAMED **GUY BLAKE**... WHOSE ACTIONS WERE SUSPICIOUS! BLAKE HAD SURVEYED SOME OF THE MOST PROMISING URANIUM-BEARING AREAS IN THE COLORADO MOUNTAINS, BUT HAD FAILED TO REPORT A SINGLE FIND... AND WHEN ANOTHER GEOLOGIST HAD CHECKED UP ON ONE OF BLAKE'S AREAS, AND FOUND A URANIUM DEPOSIT, I WAS ASSIGNED TO CHECK UP ON **BLAKE!**

POSING AS ANOTHER GOVERNMENT GEOLOGIST, I JOINED BLAKE IN COVERING A HITHERTO UNSURVEYED AREA!

EARPHONES ON GEIGER COUNTERS WENT OUT OF DATE LONG AGO, DAWSON... HOW COME YOU'RE NOT USING THE LATEST MODEL, LIKE **MINE?**

THIS WAS THE KIND THEY HAD WHEN I GOT MY TRAINING, BLAKE... GUESS I'M KIND OF USED TO IT!



SOON AFTERWARDS...

WE'D BETTER **SEPARATE!** WE CAN COVER A WIDER TERRITORY SINGLY THAN TOGETHER!

I'D BETTER AGREE... HE'D GET SUSPICIOUS IF I INSISTED ON ACCOMPANYING HIM!

OKAY... MEET YOU HERE AROUND DUSK!



BLAKE **MIGHT** BE A FOREIGN AGENT WHO INFILTRATED INTO GOVERNMENT SERVICE IN ORDER TO **SABOTAGE** OUR URANIUM-PROSPECTING PROGRAM! MAYBE HE'S NOT REPORTING URANIUM FINDS, SO THAT OTHER ENEMY AGENTS CAN MINE THEM IN SECRET FOR THEIR **OWN** USE! IF ONLY I COULD THINK OF A WAY OF **TRAPPING** HIM... WAIT... WHAT'S THAT NOISE AROUND THAT BEND?



AS I CAUTIOUSLY EDGED AROUND THE TURN...

OH-OH, A **RATTLESNAKE!** LUCKY I WASN'T WEARING THE EARPHONES, OR I'D **NEVER** HAVE HEARD THE WARNING RATTLE... SAY, THAT GIVES ME AN **IDEA!** BUT I'D BETTER SCRAM BEFORE HE GETS **NASTY!**



TOWARD DUSK...

HI, DAWSON! ANY LUCK?

TERRIFIC!

I MADE THE URANIUM FIND OF THE CENTURY... AND I'M GOING TO REPORT IT TO HEAD-QUARTERS ON MY WALKIE-TALKIE **RIGHT NOW!**





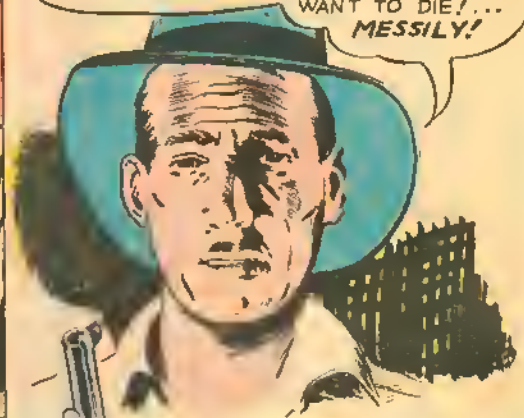
AS I UNSLING MY PACK NEAR BLAKE'S GEIGER COUNTER.

HUH?  
WHAT'S  
THE GUN  
FOR?

DROP THAT WALKIE-TALKIE,  
OR I'LL DROP YOU  
WITH A BULLET IN YOUR  
HEART!



YOU'RE NOT REPORTING THAT URANIUM  
FIND, BECAUSE **MY** COMMUNIST SUPERIORS  
WILL WANT TO MINE SUCH A RICH STRIKE  
**THEMSELVES!** YOU'RE GOING TO LEAD ME  
TO THAT URANIUM FIELD... UNLESS YOU  
WANT TO DIE!...  
**MESSILY!**



I KNEW HE'D SHOOT  
ME ANYWAY JUST AS  
SOON AS I REVEALED  
THE MINE SITE... SO,  
DESPERATELY, I  
FLUNG THE GEIGER  
COUNTER WITH  
ALL MY MIGHT,  
STRAIGHT AT  
HIM, HOPING  
HIS SHOT  
WOULD GO  
WILD...  
BUT...

OOOF!  
MY  
SHOULDER!

**WHAM!**

**BANG!**



YOU FOOL... I CAN MAKE YOU  
DIE **SLOWLY** UNLESS YOU  
SHOW ME THE URANIUM  
STRIKE!

I... I CAN'T  
STAND ...  
PAIN! OKAY,  
BLAKE... YOU...  
YOU **WIN!** I'LL  
DO AS YOU  
SAY!



MY GEIGER COUNTER  
SMASHED WHEN IT FELL  
TO THE GROUND, SO I'LL  
TAKE **YOURS...** TO MAKE  
SURE YOU TAKE ME TO THE  
RIGHT PLACE!

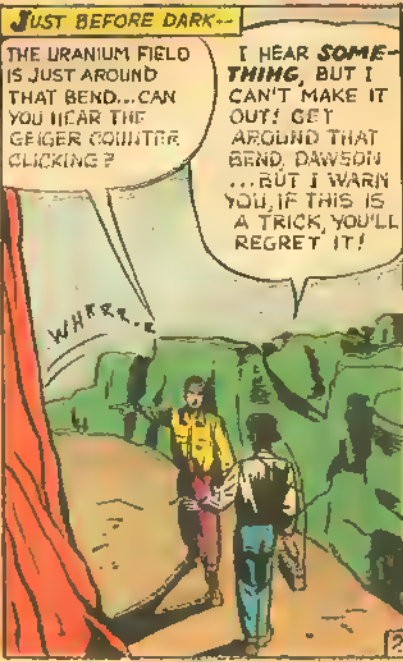
MY PLAN IS  
**WORKING...** HE'LL  
HAVE TO PUT ON  
THOSE EARPHONES!



**JUST BEFORE DARK--**

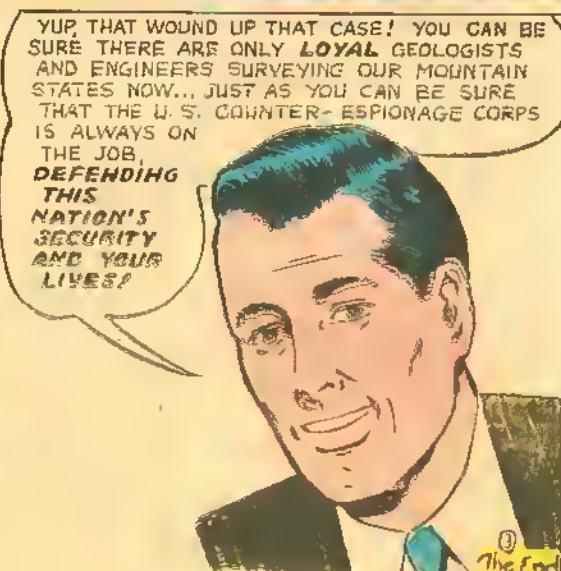
THE URANIUM FIELD  
IS JUST AROUND  
THAT BEND... CAN  
YOU HEAR THE  
GEIGER COUNTER  
CLICKING?

I HEAR **SOME-  
THING**, BUT I  
CAN'T MAKE IT  
OUT! GET  
AROUND THAT  
BEND, DAWSON  
... BUT I WARN  
YOU, IF THIS IS  
A TRICK, YOU'LL  
REGRET IT!





"I MADE A **WIDE** TURN AROUND THE BEND! AS FOR BLAKE..."





# Jimmy Wing's ORDEAL

**H**E COULDN'T TAKE the pain much longer. For twelve hours he'd been subjected to the gamut of torture, but still the Red tormenters hadn't made him talk. But they would, he knew, before long.

Jimmy Wing had been one of the luckier South Koreans. He'd been educated in California, and when the Communists invaded his country, he had immediately volunteered for service with Army Intelligence Liason. He had only recently become an American citizen, and, as he said, "I want to earn my right to it on the field of battle!" For eleven months he had done yeoman service behind Red lines, and it had been only bad luck which finally trapped him. Who could foresee that an important South Korean general would recognize him? Who could have known that Wong Ling-tung, his father's old friend, had become a Communist overlord?

Hanging by his aching wrists from a rafter in the Pyongyang dungeon, Jimmy wondered whether he could stand another brutal session of interrogation. "If only they'd untie my hands," he thought. "Maybe I could use that pitchite, after all!"

The newly developed explosive... pitchite...that was his last hope. The army had strapped a small stick to his body, and coated it with a flesh-like plastic. All Jimmy had to do, if he could, was press the percussion cap, and he would blow himself and anybody within 50 yards to smithereens. He might have used it when first trapped, but his lightning-like brain had instantly ordered him to wait. "If you're going to take any of the enemy with you," it said, "make them big shots!"

The iron door of the dungeon clanged open. "Well, fool?" asked a guard. "Ready to talk...or do you crave more punishment?" The sadistic face twisted into a leer. "General Kam Ri-sung and the others are waiting!"

"General Ri-sung?" stammered Jimmy through swollen lips. "Chief of Staff of

the 4th Communist Corps...here?"

"Yes, dog, *here!*"

"Take me to him...I wish to confess... everything..."

The guards quickly untied him from the rafter, but immediately lashed his hands behind his back. "What rotten luck," he thought. "I've got to get my hands free, somehow...or this will be useless!"

They dragged him upstairs, where a roomful of Red overlords grinned contemptuously. "Is the prisoner ready to talk?" asked a colonel.

"Yes," murmured Jimmy, "but...what will happen to me afterwards?"

"You will die!" shouted General Ri-sung himself. "But less painfully... *much* less painfully!"

"Then untie my hands," the prisoner gasped. "I'll show you our positions on the map." As the guards moved to untie his thongs, General Wong Ling-tung, his father's old friend, shouted, "No! Keep away! This dog is tricky. Let his hands remain tied. He will point out the positions in other ways."

"Please, illustrious general," said Jimmy desperately. "I refer to the battle map of Allied forces strapped to my waist. Let me show it to you."

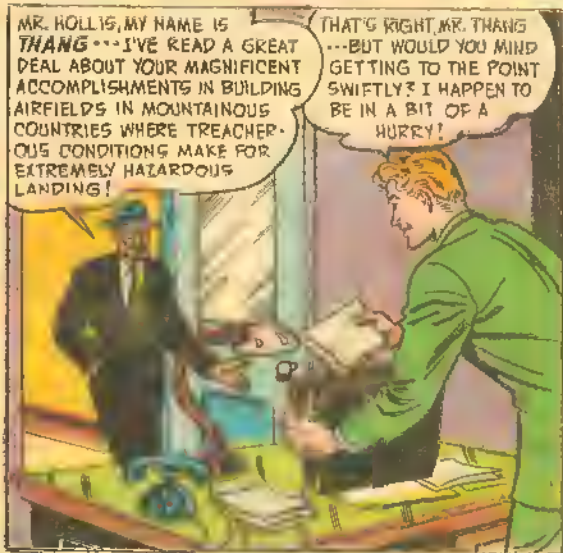
The group of Communist field officers crowded close, their eyes gleaming with anticipation. "Fool!" snorted Ri-sung, slapping the prisoner's swollen face, "we don't need your help. Guards, seize the captive's map!"

The explosion was terrific. Even the soldiers in the courtyard were flung violently to the ground by the blast which shattered the upper storeys of the huge communist prison. Later, when the smoke had cleared, and the rubble was cleared away, no definite trace could be found of the Chief of Staff, his aides, or the South Korean prisoner.

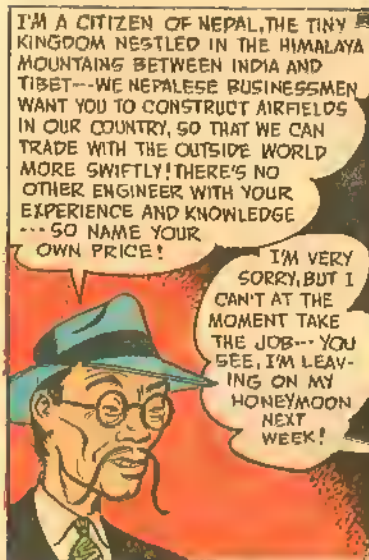
Jimmy Wing had indeed earned his right to American citizenship.



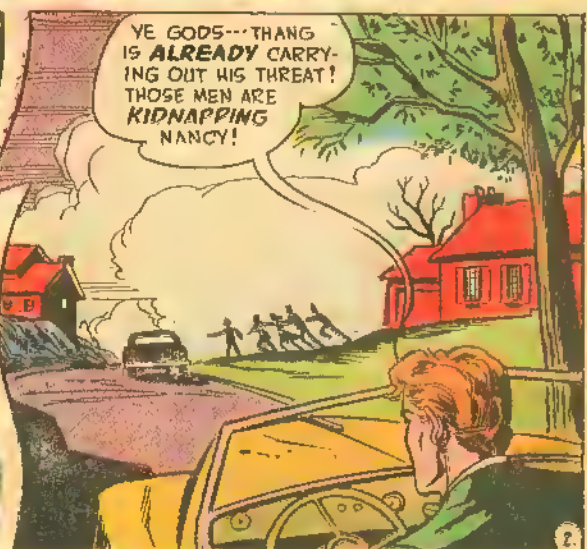
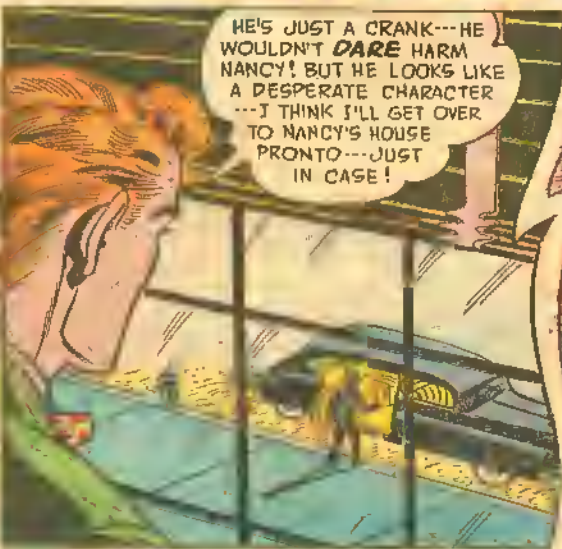
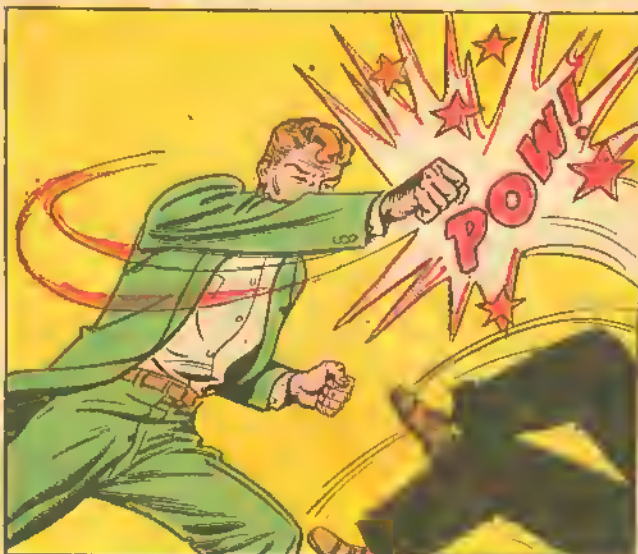
# NIGHTMARE in NEPAL



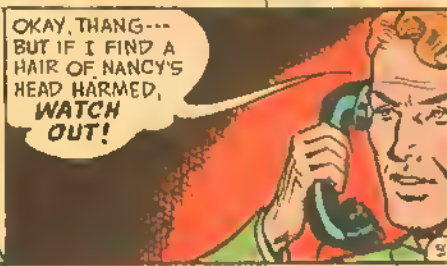
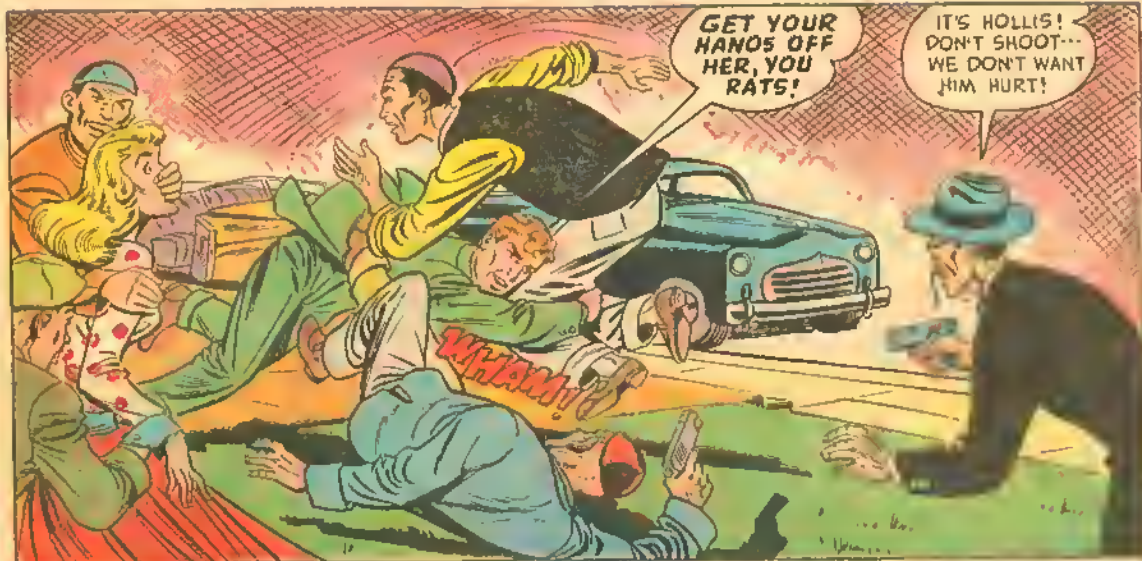




I'M VERY SORRY, BUT I CAN'T AT THE MOMENT TAKE THE JOB-- YOU SEE, I'M LEAVING ON MY HONEYMOON NEXT WEEK!









10 DAYS LATER... HIGH OVER THE HIMALAYAS...

BUT IF WE'RE COMING IN FOR A LANDING AT **KAT-MANDU**, THE CAPITAL OF NEPAL, THEN YOU NEPALESE **DO** HAVE AIRFIELDS HERE!

YES, BUT WE WISH TO BUILD AIRFIELDS FURTHER NORTH, IN THE VERY **HEART** OF THE HIMALAYAS! WE WILL GO THERE BY YAK-TRAIN AFTER LANDING!



**WHAT?** YOU MEAN YOU MADE NANCY MAKE A RUGGED TRIP ON YAK-BACK UP INTO THESE MOUNTAINS? WHY, YOU ROTTEN---

NO VIOLENCE, MR. HOLLIS---OR THE GIRL WILL SUFFER FOR IT! JUST REMAIN CALM--- YOU HAVE NO CHOICE!



THEN, ON THE TRAIL LEADING NORTH OUT OF KATHMANDU---

OH-OH, NEPALESE GURKHA GUARDS--- THE BEST FIGHTING MEN IN THE WORLD!

HALT! ALL TRAVELERS GOING NORTH TOWARD TIBET MUST BE SEARCHED FOR WEAPONS--- TO PREVENT ARMS FROM BEING SMUGGLED TO THE ACCURSED COMMUNISTS!



YOU WANT OUR WEAPONS? **HERE!**

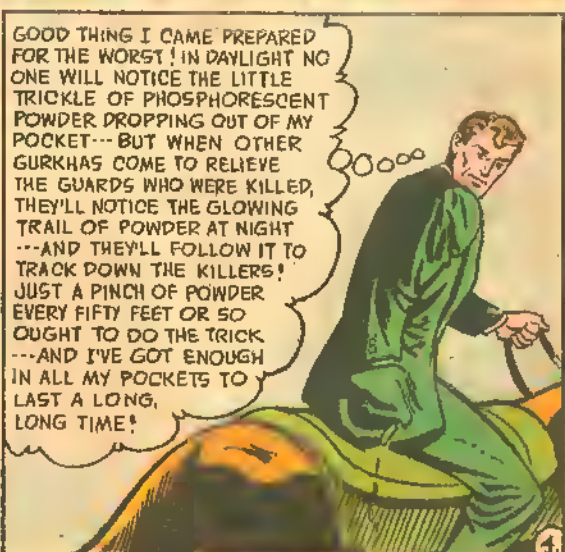
**AAARGHH!**

**BANG! BANG!**



GREAT SCOTT--- THEY SHOT DOWN THEIR OWN COUNTRYMEN IN COLD BLOOD--- WHICH MEANS THAT THANG AND HIS MEN ARE REALLY **ENEMIES** OF THE NEPALESE PEOPLE! THERE'S A LOT MORE AT STAKE HERE THAN JUST MY LIFE OR NANCY'S!

GOOD THING I CAME PREPARED FOR THE WORST! IN DAYLIGHT NO ONE WILL NOTICE THE LITTLE TRICKLE OF PHOSPHORESCENT POWDER DROPPING OUT OF MY POCKET--- BUT WHEN OTHER GURKHAS COME TO RELIEVE THE GUARDS WHO WERE KILLED, THEY'LL NOTICE THE GLOWING TRAIL OF POWDER AT NIGHT ---AND THEY'LL FOLLOW IT TO TRACK DOWN THE KILLERS! JUST A PINCH OF POWDER EVERY FIFTY FEET OR SO OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK ---AND I'VE GOT ENOUGH IN ALL MY POCKETS TO LAST A LONG, LONG TIME!





**F**INALLY, AT A SMALL PLATEAU HIGH IN THE MOUNTAINS--



THIS IS OUR DESTINATION  
---OUR CAMOUFLAGED  
TENT CITY!

THAT  
GIRL...  
**IT'S  
NANCY!**

**CHARLES!**  
**CHARLES...**  
IS IT  
REALLY  
YOU?



NANCY, SWEET-  
HEART... THEY  
HAVEN'T HURT  
YOU, HAVE  
THEY?

NO, DARLING... BUT  
TAKE ME AWAY FROM  
THIS AWFUL PLACE!

HE DOESN'T  
LEAVE UNTIL  
HE BUILDS A  
RUNWAY HERE  
THAT IS CAPABLE  
OF RECEIVING  
HEAVY TRANS-  
PORT PLANES!

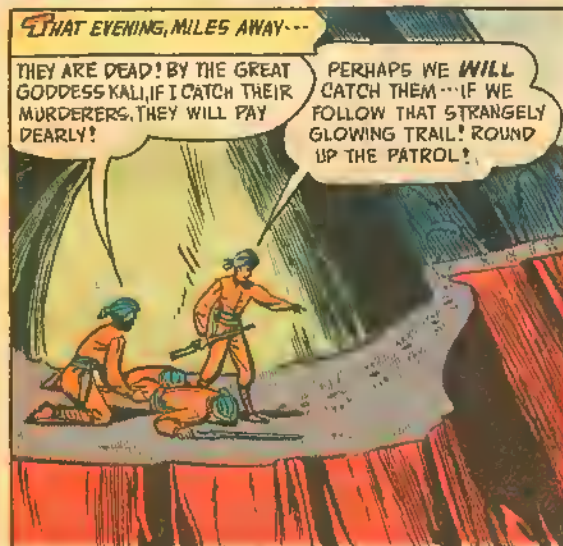


I DON'T GET IT, THANG...  
WHY DO YOU WANT AN AIR-  
FIELD SO FAR NORTH, WHERE  
THESE JAGGED MOUNTAINS  
POSE SO MANY DIFFICULT  
PROBLEMS?

HA---I WILL LAY MY CARDS  
ON THE TABLE, AS YOU AMERI-  
CANS SAY! EVER SINCE WE  
COMMUNISTS CONQUERED  
TIBET, WE HAVE BEEN PLANNING  
THE CONQUEST OF INDIA AND  
ALL ITS RICHES... BUT WE CAN'T  
**MARCH** OVER THE HIMALAYAS,  
BECAUSE THE FEW MOUNTAIN  
PASSES ARE TOO  
EASILY DEFENDED  
BY THE NEPALESE  
GURKHAS!



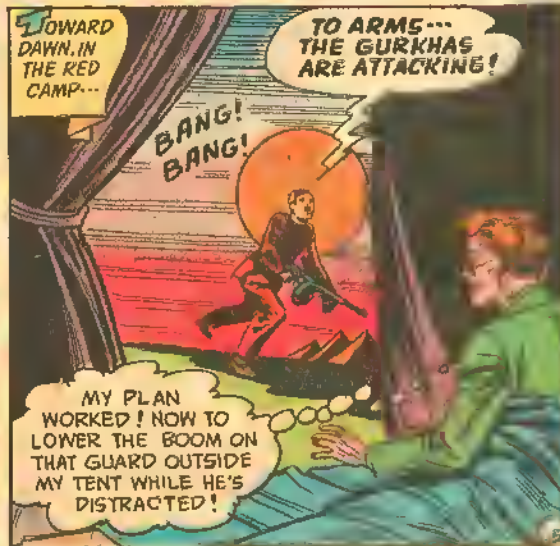
THEREFORE, THE RED HIGH COMMAND HAS DECIDED TO BUILD  
SECRET AIRFIELDS ON THE NEPALESE SIDE OF THE  
HIMALAYAS---SO THAT WE CAN **FLY** TROOPS OVER, AND  
HAVE THEM HIDE HERE IN THE MOUNTAINS UNTIL WORD  
IS GIVEN, TO MARCH **THROUGH NEPAL INTO INDIA!**  
AND **YOU** ARE THE EXPERT WHO WILL LAY OUT THE  
RUNWAY! IF YOU REFUSE, YOU AND THE GIRL **DIE!**  
BUT AS A SPINELESS AMERICAN---I KNOW  
YOU WILL **NOT** REFUSE!



**THAT EVENING, MILES AWAY---**

THEY ARE DEAD! BY THE GREAT  
GODDESS KALI, IF I CATCH THEIR  
MURDERERS, THEY WILL PAY  
DEARLY!

PERHAPS WE **WILL**  
CATCH THEM... IF WE  
FOLLOW THAT STRANGELY  
GLOWING TRAIL! ROUND  
UP THE PATROL!



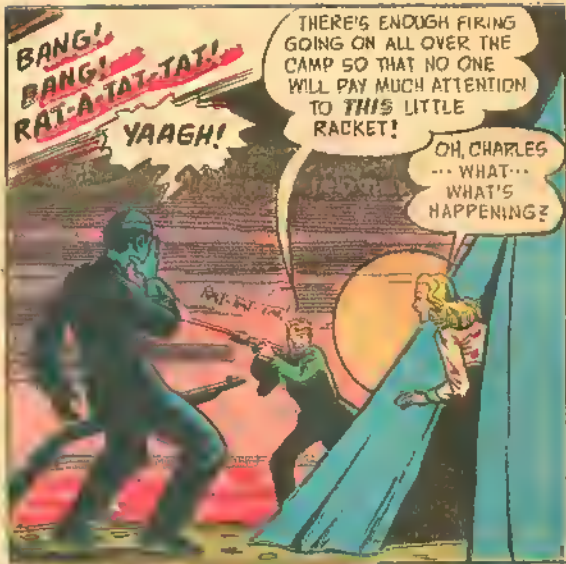
**TOWARD  
DAWN, IN  
THE RED  
CAMP---**

**TO ARMS...  
THE GURKHAS  
ARE ATTACKING!**

**BANG!  
BANG!**

MY PLAN  
WORKED! NOW TO  
LOWER THE BOOM ON  
THAT GUARD OUTSIDE  
MY TENT WHILE HE'S  
DISTRACTED!







SOON AFTERWARDS...

SO...  
YOU RE-  
TURNED!

YES--WE TRIED TO ESCAPE, BUT THE GURKHAS FIRED ON US, THINKING WE WERE ENEMIES! WE DON'T CARE MUCH FOR YOUR HOSPITALITY, BUT WE LIKE DYING EVEN LESS... SO WE DECIDED TO COME BACK!

IF YOU ATTEMPT ESCAPE ONCE MORE, YOU WILL DIE--PAINFULLY! NOW WE MUST MOVE OUR CAMP--BEFORE THE GURKHAS RETURN IN GREATER FORCE! A NEW SITE WAS PREPARED FOR THIS EMERGENCY--ALTHOUGH IT MAY BE DANGEROUS FOR OUR PLANES TO LAND THERE BECAUSE OF THE TOWERING MOUNTAINS SURROUNDING THE HIDDEN PLATEAU! IT WILL BE **YOUR** JOB TO LAY OUT THE RUNWAY SO THAT OUR PLANES CAN LAND SAFELY--AND IF YOU VALUE THE GIRL'S LIFE, YOU WILL DO THE JOB WELL!

LATER...

DON'T LOSE HEART, DARLING! I'M LEAVING ANOTHER TRAIL OF PHOSPHORESCENT POWDER FOR THE GURKHAS TO FOLLOW--BUT THIS TIME, THEY'LL POSTPONE THEIR ATTACK UNTIL THE TIME IS **RIGHT!**

AFTER A LONG TREK THROUGH THE UNMAPPED WILDERNESS OF THE HIMALAYS...

THIS IS OUR DESTINATION  
---A HIDDEN PLATEAU!  
IS IT USABLE AS AN AIR-  
FIELD, HOLLIS?

HMM, THE GAP IN THE MOUNTAINS IS WIDE ENOUGH FOR TRANSPORT PLANES TO COME THROUGH... BUT I'LL HAVE TO CHECK THE WIND CONDITIONS AND DOWN-DRAFTS BEFORE I CAN TELL WHETHER IT'S SAFE OR NOT!

NEXT DAY...

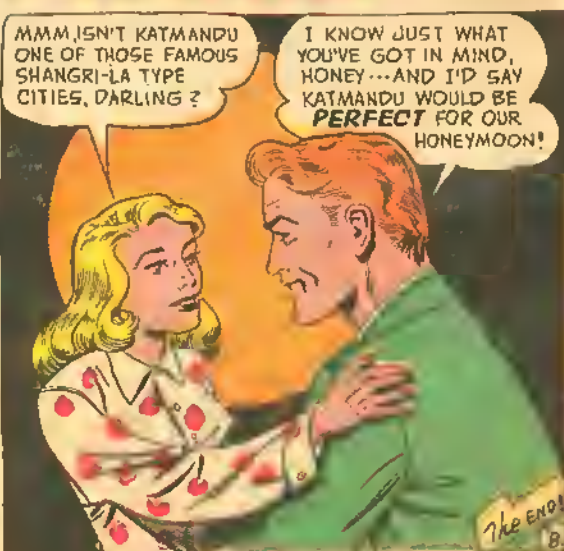
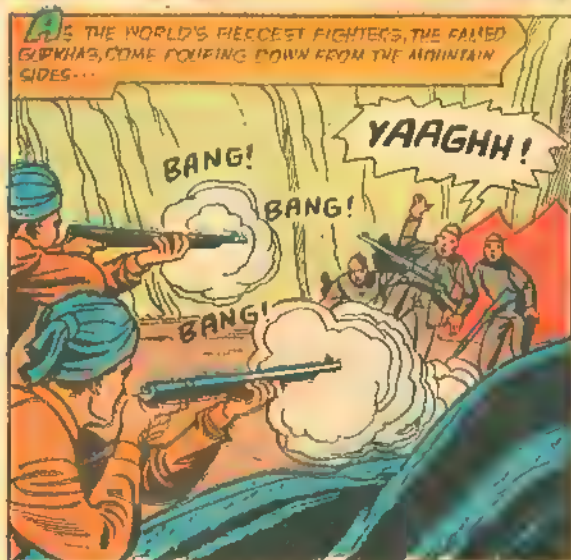
THE WIND CONDITIONS ARE PERFECT, THANG... I'M WILLING TO STAKE MY FIANCEE'S LIFE ON MY CONVICTION THAT HEAVY PLANES CAME THROUGH AND LAND ON THE PLATEAU SAFELY!

EXCELLENT! I KNOW HOW MUCH EMPHASIS YOU DECADENT AMERICANS PLACE ON LOVE, SO I KNOW YOU WOULDN'T RISK YOUR SWEETHEART'S LIFE BY NOT TELLING THE TRUTH! I WILL RADIO LHASA THAT EVERYTHING IS IN READINESS FOR THE FIRST PLANeloads OF RED TROOPS!

FEW DAYS LATER...

AH, THIS IS THE MOMENT THE AMERICAN TOLD US TO WAIT FOR! WE CAN START TO DESCEND--AND ATTACK IN THE CONFUSION OF THE PLANE'S CRASHING!







# MASTER SPIES OF HISTORY

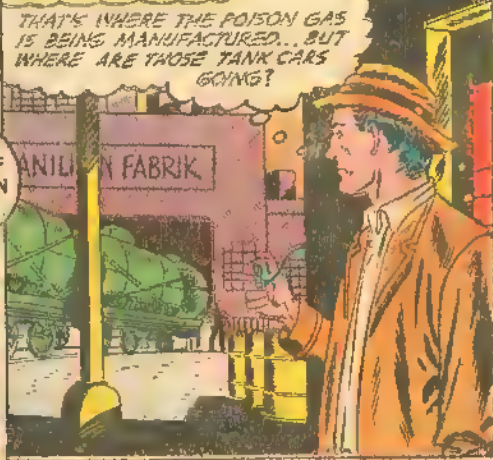
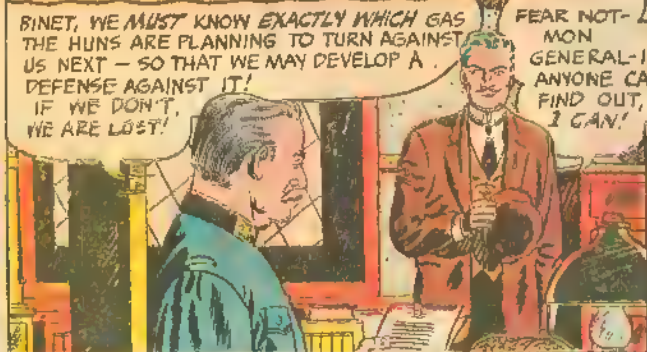
ONE OF FRANCE'S MOST MASTERFUL SPIES IN THE FIRST WORLD WAR WAS CHARLES BINET, WHO WAS SUMMONED BY THE FRENCH GENERAL STAFF AT A CRITICAL MOMENT IN HIS NATION'S HISTORY... WHEN GERMAN GAS WARFARE THREATENED THE ALLIED FORCES WITH DISASTER!

BINET, WE MUST KNOW EXACTLY WHICH GAS THE HUNS ARE PLANNING TO TURN AGAINST US NEXT - SO THAT WE MAY DEVELOP A DEFENSE AGAINST IT!  
IF WE DON'T, WE ARE LOST!

FEAR NOT, MON GENERAL - IF ANYONE CAN FIND OUT, I CAN!

SHAVING OFF HIS MOUSTACHE AND DONNING GERMAN CIVILIAN CLOTHES, BINET SLIPPED THROUGH ENEMY LINES AND ARRIVED AT MAINNHEIM, SITE OF THE GREAT GERMAN CHEMICAL WORKS!

THAT'S WHERE THE POISON GAS IS BEING MANUFACTURED... BUT WHERE ARE THOSE TANK CARS GOING?



THE CANNY FRENCH SPY QUICKLY THOUGHT OF A WAY OF SECURING THE VITAL INFORMATION!

PLEASE - THIS LETTER MUST GET TO MY AGED MOTHER IN DUSSELDORF IMMEDIATELY! BUT THE MAILS ARE SO SLOW THESE DAYS - IF YOU'RE GOING THAT WAY, COULD YOU DROP IT OFF IN DUSSELDORF FOR ME?

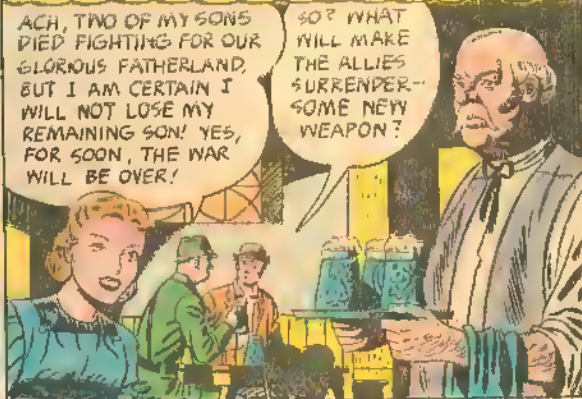
WE DON'T GO TO DUSSELDORF - WE GO TO ESSEN!



ESSEN - SITE OF THE GREAT KRUPP ARTILLERY SHELL PLANT! WHAT CONNECTION COULD THERE BE BETWEEN POISON GAS AND ARTILLERY SHELLS? DETERMINED TO FIND OUT, BINET TOOK TO HANGING OUT AROUND THE CAFES NEAR THE KRUPP FACTORY - AND SOON BECAME FRIENDLY WITH AN ELDERLY GUARD AT THE PLANT!

ACH, TWO OF MY SONS DIED FIGHTING FOR OUR GLORIOUS FATHERLAND, BUT I AM CERTAIN I WILL NOT LOSE MY REMAINING SON! YES, FOR SOON, THE WAR WILL BE OVER!

SO? WHAT WILL MAKE THE ALLIES SURRENDER - SOME NEW WEAPON?

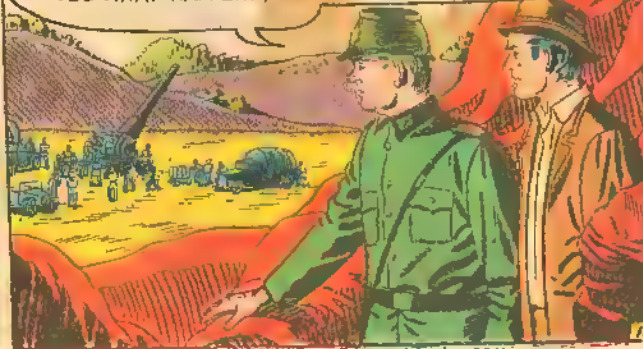


JA - POISON GAS ARTILLERY SHELLS!

POISON GAS TO BE DISCHARGED FROM ORDINARY FIELD GUNS? IMPOSSIBLE! I WILL BET YOU TWO THOUSAND MARKS YOU CANNOT PROVE SUCH A THING CAN BE DONE!

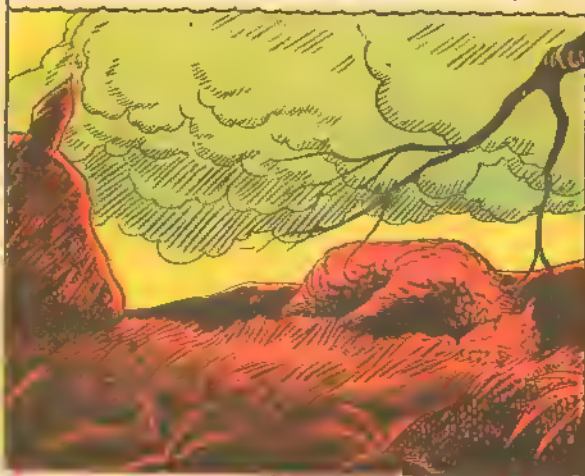
THE GUARD LEAPED AT THE CHANCE TO MAKE SUCH EASY MONEY! QUICKLY, HE AGREED TO TAKE HIS NEW FRIEND TO WITNESS THE OFFICIAL TESTING OF THE REMARKABLE NEW PROJECTILES!

KAISER WILHELM HIMSELF IS SUPPOSED TO BE DOWN THERE TO WATCH THE DEMONSTRATION! THAT CANNON WILL FIRE A POISON GAS SHELL INTO THAT FLOCK OF SHEEP - AND THEN YOU WILL SEE WHAT HAPPENS!





THE CANNON WAS FIRED, ITS SHELL EXPLODING WITH A SOFT SOUND! A CLOUD OF YELLOW-GREEN SMOKE AROSE AND, WHEN THE SMOKE DRIFTED AWAY, NOTHING ALIVE REMAINED - EVEN THE GRASS LOOKED BURNT!



I AM GLAD TO PAY OFF THE BET, MY FRIEND - SUCH A WEAPON IS SURE TO WIN THE WAR FOR US! BUT I WISH I COULD GET A FRAGMENT OF THAT EXPLODED GAS SHELL - AS A MEMENTO OF THIS UNFORGETTABLE DAY!

I SHALL GO OUT THERE MYSELF AND PICK UP A PIECE FOR YOU - IT IS THE LEAST I CAN DO FOR A MAN WHO PAYS HIS BETS SO PROMPTLY!



THREE DAYS LATER, THE FRENCH SPY TURNED THE SHELL FRAGMENT OVER TO THE TOP GOVERNMENT CHEMIST IN PARIS - AND AN ANALYSIS WAS MADE OF THE MINUTE TRACES OF GAS COMPOUND REMAINING ON THE FRAGMENT!

THE SHELL CONTAINED PHOSGENE AND CHLOROFORMIAT OF TRICHLOROMETHYL - A DEADLY SUFFOCATING GAS!

IT WILL TAKE TIME FOR THE HUNS TO BUILD UP AN ADEQUATE SUPPLY OF THOSE GAS SHELLS! MEANWHILE, OUR SCIENTISTS WILL WORK DAY AND NIGHT PERFECTING A GAS MASK WHICH WILL PROTECT OUR TROOPS!



WEEKS LATER, WHEN GERMAN SUPPLIES WERE IN READINESS, THE BOMBARDMENT OF FRENCH TROOPS BEGAN! THEN, AFTER A MURDEROUS BARRAGE...

FORWARD - THE ONLY FRENCHMEN WE WILL FIND WILL BE DEAD FRENCHMEN!



BUT WHEN THE GERMAN'S CROSSED NO-MAN'S-LAND AND HIT THE FRENCH TRENCHES...

RAT-A-TAT-TAT!

HIMMEL - THEY WERE PREPARED FOR US - YAAGHH!



THE GERMAN'S WERE UTTERLY ROUTED - AND A POTENTIAL CATASTROPHE WAS TURNED INTO GLORIOUS VICTORY - THANKS TO FRANCE'S MASTER SPY, CHARLES BINET!



The End



# FLASH!

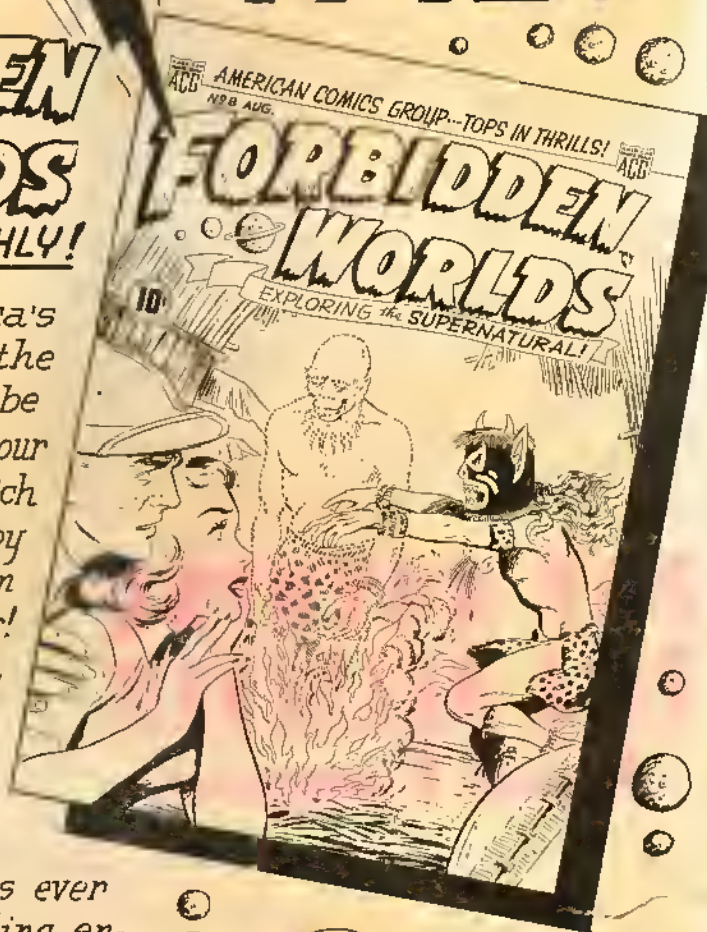
*You asked  
for it...*

## HERE IT IS!

### FORBIDDEN WORLDS

*Now* **APPEARS MONTHLY!**

That's right... America's great magazine of the Supernatural can now be bought **EACH MONTH** at your favorite newsstand! Which means that you can enjoy twice as many thrills from the nation's favorite thriller! You'll gasp at zombies, ghosts, werewolves, vampires... twice as much as ever before! Explore the eerie Supernatural in the greatest, most challenging stories ever written! For spine-tingling entertainment that's tops, read



### FORBIDDEN WORLDS

*The* **MIRACLE  
MONTHLY  
MAGAZINE**



# FOOT ITCH

## ATHLETE'S FOOT



## DISEASE OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD

The cause of the disease is not a germ as so many people think, but a vegetable growth that becomes lodged in and immediately beneath the outer tissue of the skin.

To obtain relief the medicine to be used should first, gently remove the horny outer layer of skin and kill the vegetable growth.

This growth is so hard to kill that a test shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy it; however, laboratory tests also show that H. F. will kill it upon contact in 15 seconds.

## DOUBLE ACTION NEEDED

Recently H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It gently removes the horny outer layer of the skin, killing the vegetable growth, in and immediately under the skin, upon contact. Both actions are necessary for prompt relief.

H. F. is a liquid that doesn't stain. You just paint the infected parts nightly before going to bed. Often the terrible itching is relieved at once.

## H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. 'Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.



## PAY NOTHING TILL RELIEVED

## Send Coupon

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while, the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

## BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is both contagious and infectious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

**GORE PRODUCTS, Inc.**  
610 Girod St., New Orleans 12, La.

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you \$1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_